

Gadies' Department.

A Christian Lady's View.

"We are pleased at your giving some religious items among your locals. It is quite the rule, I believe, to notice all the balls, and theatricals, but there are some people who are interested in more serious things," &c. &c. It is our aim to make the paper a welcome, as well as useful, visitor in the family, and our esteemed friend may depend there is no class of readers we are more desirous of pleasing than the Christian men and women of our city and State.—[Ed. F. & M.]

Love of Home.

How shall the sentiment be called out, cultivated, perpetuated? and why is such stress laid upon it? and how can our sex best aid in the work?

There is a very wide and deep significance in the announcement that God is love; that the great center, source, creator of all things is love; that He, from whom we come, and to whom we go; from whom we derive not merely our being, but our nature, our primary instincts, thoughts, feelings and tendencies, is simply this—Love. If we think about it a little we must feel that the leading principle of creation, the secret spring, the motive power, the very essence of all life and action is, or ought to be, Love. When we are most actuated and controlled by it, we are nearest the original likeness of man to his Creator. When we feel and acknowledge it least, we are furthest from Him.

All this is nothing new. How often we have been told it, how often we have read it, and yet, now and then, these great primary truths come suddenly upon us with the force and freshness of entire novelty.

God is love. Then Love is every where; controls everything; colors everything, and gives its own stamp and corresponding value to whatever it enters as factor. Eliminate Love from creation, and you have a universe without God. Look with open eyes at your most ordinary daily surroundings, and you will see no element of life that is not lit up, sweetened and strengthened by its presence. It comes freshly to me this morning that God is Love, when I think what an important factor in the strength and prosperity of a nation is the simple Love of Home which is our theme to-day.

To love our home is to love not only its four walls, or its territory bounded by our fences, not only its familiar aspects, its associations, its furniture, its faces, its thousand memories and influences, sweet and bitter, whole and some and stimulating, which have fixed our character and affected our destiny for this world and the next; but it is to love also the sunshine and the moonlight that lie on its walls and floors, the dew on its grass and flowers, the sky that hangs over it. A man who loves his home loves his own township and county better, loves his own State better, loves his whole country better, and the woman who makes a home for a man that he can love in this way, is doing more in the cause of patriotism, in the service of religion, than if she were a life-long member of its highest legislative assembly, sat in its highest judicial courts, or swayed its highest executive departments.

To love is to be like God, and the wider the circle expands the nearer and nearer we come to our great original. To love our own well and heartily, wisely and truly, is the way to learn to love the interests of others, and to love our brother well and truly is next door to that love of God where the soul finds its noblest expansion, its true destiny.

The family hearth-stone is the centre pivot of the State, on which turn its character, its prosperity, its influences, good or bad; and the family hearth-stone is in the hands of the women of the State. It is yours my friend, to make the homes of North Carolina so lovely, and so lovable that the men of the State shall be noted for their self-respect, for their chivalrous regard for the honor and happiness of their women and children, for their respect and obedience to the laws that protect their neighbors' rights and interests, for their abiding love of their own State, for their broad and intelligent national pride and patriotism; all this comes from Love.

Some of these good things our North Carolina men do possess, and are, and have long been noted for. They are self-respecting, and they are law-abiding—they have many traits for which we love and honor them, but they lack chivalry, enthusiasm, State pride; those finer and more generous characteristics which mark a wider development and appreciation of the great law of Love.

I speak as unto wise women. Judge ye, my friends if this be not true of our men. And whose is the fault, and how shall it be remedied?

If there is anything in the whole range of tradition that I firmly believe it is this, that the character of the men

of a State depends on that of the women of the State. The women of North Carolina need arousing to a just sense of their own importance, and their own influence, and their own rights and duties—and, their own strength!

Our strength is at home; our field of action is there—our hopes, our duties, our happiness are there—and, as I said before, I believe most heartily that the woman who makes her home a happy and beautiful one, has done her duty in that state to which God's providence has called her.

In this great work, as in everything else, things begin at the beginning, and with No. 1. A woman who sets out with great thoughts of heart about her noble, far-reaching mission, must begin with herself. She wishes to sanctify and beautify her home, she must begin with sanctifying and beautifying herself. She is the high priestess of the sanctuary—her robes must be undefiled! Ah, me! what a work is hers. What a work and what a reward! Think of it. A work "brief, and yet endless;" a reward never tasted in this life, perhaps, yet sure, ample, and long-lasting as Love itself.

It is every woman's sacred duty, then, as a servant of Love, a co-worker with Him, who filleth all things, and also as a good and patriotic citizen, to think much of herself, to take care of herself, to study, and be sure of herself, and to make herself as attractive and influential as she possibly can.

To think much of herself. She is a partner in the firm of humanity. She has much power in her hands; has abilities proportioned to her sphere, and rights and dignities inferior to none. Her position is subordinate—but not inferior.

To take care of herself. She must understand her own physical frame—its strength and its weakness—so as not to undertake more than she can do, or be induced to go beyond the boundaries laid down for her by nature. A woman cannot do a man's work, and ought to resent being called upon to do it. It is a rude life that women live who neglect the delicacies and requirements of sex.

To study and be sure of herself. So as to know her own temper and disposition, and where her weakness or strength lies. To know what she can do best, and be sure of success in; not wasting her force by attempting what she has no turn for, or vainly imitating lines of action when she, herself, might be a leader in another direction.

Nothing has given us all more trouble than these vain endeavors. Some women can do but one or two things well. Some seem to be equal to many various calls upon them. Some are good in one department, some in another, who are comparative failures outside of them. Understand yourself and your own capabilities, and while neglecting no duty within your proper sphere; do not think of being perfect in all, or rivaling every good neighbor in every particular piece of good housewifery. See which way your turn lies, and let Love direct that. What is your key-note? Set your life to it.

To make herself attractive. Certainly. Have you beauty? Take care of it as something God-given and precious. Have you not? Make the best of your person, nevertheless, for the sake of others and the good influence you hope to have on them. Let it be a part of your religion to be neat and clean, always, and pretty as often as you can. Make a conscience of having your hair smooth and shining, your collar neat, your dress (if only a cheap calico) clean and well-fitting, your feet neatly dressed. Slip shod feet, straggling hair, soiled dresses, discolored lips and teeth, and breath according thereto, in wives and mothers, have made many a bad citizen, many a drunkard, many a penitentiary convict.

These are the first steps towards making home a place to love, a place to be drawn to, to cling to, to refuse to emigrate from, to work for, and, if need be, to die for. Make yourself lovable and respectable, and your home, your husband's and children's home will be like you. C. P. S.

One hundred and fifty women were lately sent out to Puget sound. One hundred and forty-nine of them were married in three weeks. The other one is only waiting until she gets a certificate of divorce from Massachusetts. Consequently there is great excitement in the Bay State, and all the girls are singing the hopeful refrain, "Go West, young woman! go West!"

The exercise which will give permanent strength, which will build up healthy bodies for girls and ultimately for women, is the exercise of the swimming bath, which brings into play all the muscles of the body; that of the gymnastic class, where, in suitable dress, and under the direction of competent instructors, exercises fitted for the strength of girls are set for them to do, and that of the playground, where games give both amusement and exercise.

New York had four suicides on Monday, but they didn't equal the failures.

Food for Thought.

Mr. Editor: It was said by a wise one that "patience and perseverance overcome all things," and I hope the continued invitations to your columns given to our ladies, may verify the truth of the adage, and draw out their dormant capacities. There are, doubtless, many who enjoy the experience of others, given through the columns of our papers, that have ideas and opinions of their own equally valuable and interesting; but they lack either the time or taste for communicating them. Thinking and talking are very different from writing, and to one wholly unaccustomed to writing, except, perhaps, an occasional letter to a friend, it is quite an awkward task. I feel that this is a move in the right direction, and sincerely hope our ladies will lay hold of it. We are not all gifted with the same powers, but "variety is the spice of life," and what may seem tame to one may be quite interesting to another.

We are accused of indolence and love of ease, and, in some measure, it may be true; but a farmer's wife, with a large family, has little time for self-indulgence. I do not concede that it is superiority of intellect that makes the Northern woman take more to the pen than we. There may be something due to energy, but there is much more due to their domestic arrangements. Their houses, their kitchens, their pantries, indeed everything—indoors and out—is arranged with an eye to convenience and labor-saving, and in that they have greatly the advantage of most Southern house-keepers. They are more systematic than we are, and the result of their system and conveniences is more spare time, and their minds are unburdened as well, and naturally, then, turn more readily to literary matters.

There is a great want of system with us, which we should continually seek to remedy in ourselves, and insist upon having our daughters trained systematically. In former times our domestic government was such that we did not realize this want to such an extent, and, having been brought up in the old Southern style, it is hard for us to become Yankeeized, (if you will admit the term,) even for our own good. I think I am safe in saying that most of our matrons, especially in the country, have sorely felt the need of this improvement. Some have profited by the new regime, and either submitted to circumstances or supplied themselves with the modern contrivances for labor-saving; but there are still a great many struggling on in the old beaten track, with the kitchen on the opposite side of the yard from the dwelling, the dinner pot swung on a rack in the fire-place, the well nearer to the horse lot than the kitchen, the water to be drawn with a bucket and pole, &c. If those who are so burdened with domestic cares would give some time to reading, and apply the advice and experience of others to their own cases, I am sure the benefit to themselves would amply compensate them for the time thus spent.

The pleasures of reading are so varied and lasting, that no one should be denied the privilege, or count the time misspent, and as to its benefits "their name is legion." To those of us who are confined at home, these greetings are specially welcome. They not only give us glimpses into other households and cheer us in our daily tasks, but they will help us to a feeling of sympathy and charity for each other that will make us more contented and better wives and mothers. Contentment is a pearl which we should seek to obtain and wear. Without it all our blessings are as naught, and the luxuries of life a bitter morsel. FARMER'S WIFE.

Mrs. Editor: In answer to one of your lady correspondents, I send you a well-tested receipt for making loaf bread without pans. Sift one pint flour into a tin bucket, adding hot water enough to bring it to the consistency of thick cream, being well stirred. When the mixture is nearly cold add one even teaspoonful pulverized alum, one heaping tablespoonful old yeast or yeast; set it in a warm place to rise. When well risen, pour into a jug or bottle, for use, keeping it well corked. Use two tablespoonfuls of the yeast to one quart of flour, and proceed as in making bread with other yeast.

It is best to make your yeast once in ten days, or two weeks, as the principle of fermentation develops fungi, which, when left too long, becomes inactive, and the principle of fermentation is lost. This yeast will keep well in the warmest weather, an advantage much to be desired.

By reference to Mrs. Mason's "Young Housewife's Counsellor and Friend," a very desirable book for all housekeepers, your correspondent will find an excellent receipt for making loaf bread with yeast made from the potatoe, which the writer has tried with wonderful success. Mrs. S.

Ringwood, N. C., April 29, 1878.

For Women Only.

The New York Sun gives the following notice of one of Mr. Talmage's questionable sermons, which kept his hearers in a roar of laughter:

Mr. Talmage said, as he began yesterday's sermon, that the reason he had preached ten sermons to men and none to women, was, that the women are better than men. He did not say this out of compliment or in gallantry; although when women are bad they are dreadful. [Laughter.] Statistics prove this. They have fewer temptations, are naturally reverent and loving, and it is easier for them to become Christians. "They are the majority in church, on earth, and I suppose they will be three-fourths of the population in Heaven." In a beautiful homestead in Bethany, a widow was left to take charge of the premises. The pet of the premises was Mary, a younger sister, who, with a book under her arm, has no appearance of anxiety or perturbation. Christ and several of his friends arrived at the house. They did not keep him waiting till they adjusted their dress, and after two or three knockings, hasten to the door and say, "Why, is that you?" No. They were ladies, and always presentable, though they might not have on their best. If we always had on our best, would not be worth putting on. [Laughter.] They threw open the door and greeted Christ with "Good morning. Be seated." Martha went off to the kitchen; while Mary, believing in division of labor, said, "Martha, you go and cook, and I'll be good." [Laughter.] Something went wrong in the kitchen. Perhaps the fire wouldn't burn, or the bread wouldn't bake, or Martha scalded her hand. At any rate she lost her patience; and, with beseeching brow, and, possibly, with pitcher in one hand and the tongs in the other, rushed into the presence of Christ, saying, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone?"

But Christ scolded not a word. He seemed to say, "My dear woman, don't worry. Let the dinner go. Sit down on the ottoman beside Mary, your humble sister." When a man comes home from business and sees his wife worn out, he thinks she ought to have been on Wall street, and then she would have something to worry her. He does not know that she conducts a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry and a library, while she is also health officer, police and president of her residence. [Great laughter.]

They have to contend with severe economy. Ninety-nine out of a hundred are subjected to it. If a man smokes very expensive cigars and eats costly dinners in New York, he is exceedingly desirous of making five dollars do the work of seven at home. The wife is banker in the household; she is president, cashier, teller and discount clerk; and there is a panic every few weeks. [Laughter.] This severe discipline will make Heaven very attractive to you. There will be no rent to pay. Every man will live in his own house, which will be a mansion, at that. If Stewart's fifth avenue mansion were lifted into the celestial city, glorious, glorified Lazarus, who sat in rags on earth, would be ashamed to enter it.

A Scathing Paragraph.

The New York Express does not admire the manner in which ladies dress for balls, at the present day, and thus assigns the reasons for its dislike:

It is a question fairly to be considered in the present style of female dressing, just where propriety ends and indecency begins. The academy is brilliant with beauty and on the ball nights brilliant with the sparkle of diamonds, and the lustre of bright eyes, which many a bachelor would give half his patrimony to win, and which husbands are proud of possessing. But it is scarcely a compliment to the modesty of our wives and daughters to find, amid the fashionable assemblages which do credit to our society, that ladies who would shudder, to be even in a crowd, with one of the soiled doves which hover about the world, exhibit themselves in the centre of a circle of admiring gentlemen, with such a lavish display of arms, neck and bosom that even an anchorite would forget his vows and take one long, lingering glance at the female loveliness before him. All this may be winked at by society; but the true principle of modesty, which hides from the common gaze the wealth of beauty God has given to the fairest of his created beings, should not be outraged by dresses cut so low in the neck, that scarcely any movement of the wearer can be made without an exposure of the person, at which even an embryo courtesan would shudder. We do not desire to be severe, but there is limit even to fashionable license. Baby waists do well enough for the nursery and for very young people; they are admitted to the stage in the ballet; they are charmingly attractive at home, in the boudoir, where the husband, only is admitted; but when ladies invite criticism or comparison of their charms from the general public, by placing themselves on view with scarcely any neck covering other than a shoulder strap to hold the corsage up, there is room for improvement in modesty, and decency itself has some right to protest.

A great sensation was produced in Davenport, Iowa, Monday, by the suicide of Mr. Joseph Shields, the well-known proprietor of a large woolen mill. He was a brother-in-law of Assistant Postmaster General Tyner, and one of the most prominent business men and citizens of Davenport. He had lately got into business troubles, which threatened to take from him all his property and homestead, and this was the cause of the rash deed. He cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor, and was found dead in his bed by his daughter. He had \$10,000 insurance on his life.

A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the loveliness of an Arctura; but—melancholy fact—if, with these she fail to make her home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her.

Feminine "Fixins."

The crude, chaotic creature styled man, has but one single feature of his conventional apparel upon which to lavish his labor and upon which to found his hopes—his cravat. When he succeeds in impressing upon this trifle in cambric the appearance of having been tied in a great hurry, and tied very badly, then his work is done, and his sole opportunity for distinguishing himself from the herd of people in black and white has been exhausted. But lovely woman, if so bold a paradox may be permitted, is all cravats; from the inmost, most hidden mysteries to the outmost, most obvious bit of lace, her attire, on any given occasion, in all its multitudinous parts, is a matter for deeper thought and most deliberate study. To pry into the "wildering maze of articles which constitute the war-paint of the civilized woman of this fair land," would be a thankless task; a task from which any but the boldest well might shrink appalled, and even to contemplate the result as a whole is quite sufficient to overawe the stoutest man. Yet our fair sisters, our beautiful sweethearts and our peerless wives to-day are wrestling with the dark problem of dress, while weak men—are forced to stand afar off, with never a finger stretched out to give them comfort and aid. It is true that we have no fear as to the result, for on too many occasions have we seen the same ordeal gone through, and in the end a brilliant triumph bursting forth in the teeth of apparent defeat—a dazzling she, clad in raiment well calculated to put to the blush not only Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, but also the very lilies of the field. With such a past in our memory, each of us is well assured that when the hand strikes up a march to-night, and our blooming dames and damozels trip lightly up the broad stone stair—then follows the fairest flowers of all the flowers that line the way—the tangle of silks and laces in which they will be clad will be all that wish of man or eye of woman can require. Heart-throbs will be still to placid beatings in the calmness of satisfaction; bright eyes will be brighter with the knowledge that victory is achieved, and only purest happiness will swell up in the female breast, when in memory's chamber lingers the assurance, given by the double mirror and indisputably requisite to female felicity, that all is "right behind."—Philadelphia Times.

Nothing To Do.

The brave man or woman will always find something to do. I know a little woman who, by her husband's illness, has been reduced to work for a livelihood. She will do anything which is honest. One week she does some copying. The next week she is at her sewing machine; a friend's eyes are weak and she happened to say she was looking for a seamstress. At once our heroine (for are not such heroines) stamped on her pride, which squirmed horribly and said: "Remember, she was your bridesmaid, and doesn't know how very poor you are; you'd better pretend you know of a seamstress." Down came the foot, and words were spoken bravely: "If I may take the work home, I will be very glad to do it." Another time there is sudden sickness, and a nurse is required. She goes; and so, gradually, she acquires a reputation for intense earnestness in fulfilling her duty—that of earning money for her children—and, one thing leading to another, she learns how to support her family comfortably and with ease. Where there is a will, you can generally find a way.

Rev. Dr. Martineau tells a very funny story about a German play. He says that in one of the scenes Adam is represented as running across the stage on his way to the Garden of Eden to be created. But science has done away with all that. It tells us that there never was an Adam nor a garden, nor anything except a glacial period and a molecule, and the popular mind is so mixed that we are like the young lady after the lecture:—
Yes, I think it was perfectly splendid—
With my head full of glaciers and icebergs.
Of such a ridiculous size.
And the masses of what do you call it?
The dirt that is over to do.
And came down on the ice to New Jersey—
It must have been awfully cold.

There is a movement on foot in England in the direction of dress reform. It is not proposed to wear more clothing as an insurance against the London fog and its rheumatics, but to make believe that the climate of England is tropical, and to introduce the scant but certainly graceful garments of the ancient Greeks. The probable result of all this is well described by Punch:—

The costumes of the ancient Greeks! A pretty prospect truly! They dressed in—well, not very much, and went about quite coolly.

The correspondent of the Baltimore Gazette says: "Jerry Hucklestep, an elderly colored man, living near Liberty Mills, Va., has met a singular and terrible death. The show of John Robinson was moving from Orange Courthouse to Madison Courthouse, headed by several elephants. The old man was attracted by the procession, and approaching the caravan, was attacked by one of the elephants and crushed to death. His body was shockingly mutilated, and death was almost instantaneous. When overtaken by the vicious beast, the old man was on his way to work, and had his dinner in his pocket."

The Christian Union says: "The growth of the habit of observing Easter among the churches is obvious year by year. In Boston we notice that not less than thirteen churches, other than Roman Catholic and Episcopal, announced special Easter services, or sermons, on Sunday. Of these churches five were Congregational, four Unitarian, two Baptist and two Methodist. One of the Unitarian churches went so far as to give notice of a confirmation."

Gen. Joe Johnston is in New Orleans, being grandly entertained by his old Louisiana comrades.

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